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From the Friendship's Offering for 1835.
MUSTAPHA THE PHILANTHROPIST.
A TALE OF ASIA MINOR.

[Concluded.]

The passengers were, like all the living en-
gines which are yearly thrown on Arabia, com-
posed of the produce of every nation, of the
Moslem, Turks, Tartars, Persians, Indians, be-
lievers in all the shades of creeds, which make
the map of Mahometanism as motly as the
patches of a Jewish gaberdine. The season
was lovely, the sea smooth, the wind was fair,
and with a flowing sheet the vessel glided from
the bay and floated along the shores of that
richest landscape of the world. Mustapha was
delighted with the scene. All to him was new,
and novelty was the food of his eager spirit;
but the sense of beauty, of grandeur, and of
the overwhelming power of nature, luxuri-
ated in the perpetual magnificence of the sky,
the mountains, and the ocean, that now expan-
ded on him for the first time. He had never
before seen the sea; the Propontis was but a
lake, and the Bosphorus but a river; he now
saw the majesty of the waters, spreading with-
out a limit, sending forth the sun at dawn as
from some pearly palace in the depths of the
ocean, and at eve, opening their bosom for his
descent among pavilions of purple and rose,
and closing over him with billows of molten
gold. As the vessel swept eastward from the
Gulf of Marci, the mountain ranges, that make
the rampart of the land from the violence of
the winter storms, seemed to fly away behind
him, light and rich coloured as the clouds, and
swift as the clouds themselves. All was wild,
fantastic, and vivid. The marble range of the
Gulf of Marci was followed by the promontories
that girdle the great Gulf of Satalia. Mustapha,
without the consciousness of a poet, felt the
creative thoughts of poetry; and compared the
summits of the mountains, as they sparkled
with incessant radiance, to crowns of living
jewels dropped on them from the skies; or to
the thrones of spirits that stoop from the stars
to keep watch over the world. The glorious
scene vanished—only to be followed by a
new multitude of all the shapes of beauty, ris-
ing from the distant waters like floating pearls,
and constantly spreading and ascending, until
they stood above him in gigantic heights and
forms, some frowning in savage grandeur, some
clothed with sunshine like sheets of gold, some
winding away bathed in twilight like the figures
of a long procession veiled in vestures of eter-
nal purple. During the whole voyage down
the coast between Rhodes and Scanderoon,
Mustapha and the Scribe were constantly on
deck together, enjoying the luxuries of this
banquet of nature, but each according to his
own feelings—Mustapha with loud and eloquent
delight; the Scribe with deep and silent rap-
ture. When the tongue of the noble Bey lo-
quently poured out his wonder, the eyes of his
young companion spoke in the quiet tears of
the soul. Yet this difference of their faculties
was no hindrance to their friendship. It but
gave variety to their thoughts; and Mustapha,
new to the world, and newer still to himself, of-
ten turned away from all the splendours of earth
and heaven, to fix his eyes on the countenance
beside him, as its expression was touched by
the moment, glowing with solemn enthusiasm,
and alternately pale and crimson with the high
devotion of a worshipper of nature.

But they were now to lose the enchanted
shore; and the vessel, leaving Scanderoon, ran
down the coast of Syria. The sea could
be more complete; all was the barren wilder-
ness; even the sea seemed to share the mela-
ncholy monotony of the land. All around was
intolerable glare: the horizon of waters had
the look of a vast buckler of brass. The air
was stagnant; human life soured in the univer-
sal scorching; and as pilgrimage was the freit,
bigotry broke out like a pestilence on board.
Mustapha listened, first with astonishment to
the bitterness of opinions, and then with laugh-
ter at the absurdity of the opinions. He saw
the Persian ready to take the Turk by the
beard, and the Turk ready to return the insult
by the poniard, for the question, which of two
men who had died a thousand years ago was the
true descendant of the prophet.

"May the prophet spurn them both out of
paradise," was his laughing exclamation; "for
the Shiahs and the Sunnites would quarrel about
the number of pearls in his pavement!"
Even while he was speaking, a furious battle
arose in the fore-part of the ship. He was
rushing towards it, but the Scribe pulled his
robe, and he turned.

"They," said the youth, are two doctors of
the mosque fighting."

Mustapha stopped at once. He had no pos-
sible desire to interfere between two such slip-
pery personages as doctors of the mosque, and

he returned his half-drawn scimitar into its
sheath. But he had not far to follow the com-
batants, for one of them, a huge Arab of Medina
came running to the stern, dragging the other
along by the neck to throw him overboard.—
Mustapha's humanity instinctively made him
grasp the defeated party, as he was on the
point of being flung to the fishes. While with
one hand he held up the unlucky combatant, and
with the other kept his vanguard at bay, he
asked, "what could have been the cause of this
mortal hatred?"

"Ask the villain whom you have barely kept
from my murder," exclaimed the defeated
Mollah.

"Does the miscreant dare to repeat his im-
pious words," roared the man of Medina; "I call
every true Moslem to witness, as I call heaven
and earth to avenge the crime, that he dared to
doubt that the sacred camel which carried the
prophet in the Hegira was white!"—He could
utter no more; he stood choking with fury.
"Dared to doubt it!" exclaimed his rescued
antagonist; "I never doubted for an instant on
the subject. I said, and say, that the sacred
camel was black! And, if that misbelieving
slave's dagger were at my throat, I should say
it still."

The saying was unlucky, for in the effort to
second his demonstration by a blow of a knife,
hid in his sleeve, his foot slipped, and he fell
under the very heels of his enemy. The Arab
instantly rushed upon him, and before an arm
could be raised for his protection, had lunged
him over the ship's side. Even Mustapha now
shrank from advancing, for the Arab swore by
the holy stone of Mecca, that, at his first step,
he should see the heretic tossed into the sea.

"But, to show that I understand justice," he
exclaimed; "I shall give the wretch one chance
more: Achmet Ben Suddal, son of an evil moth-
er, do you acknowledge that the camel was
white?"

"Black," was the outcry in answer; ay,
black as midnight!"

"Then, down to Satalia!" shouted the Arab,
attempting to fling him into the waves. But
the Mollah would not be shaken off; he clung
to him with the nerve of death; and the struggle
was fierce, until the Arab uttered a scream of
agony and both plunged out of sight together.
On their rising to the surface, the Mollah was
seen dead, strangled by the grasp of his power-
ful disputant. The Arab was dying; his broad
chest displayed a mortal wound, which the
Mollah had contrived to give him, at the close
of the struggle, as a specimen of his skill in
the art of controversy. A boat was ordered
to be let down to recover their remains; but
the sailorship of the Mediterranean is tardy,
and in the mean time the disputants were ta-
ken possession of by more interested activity.
A couple of sharks had continued eyeing the
struggle at the ship's side, in fair expectation
of the consequences. They now pounced on
both the doctors, swept them through the sur-
ges, whose foam they soon turned red, and left
the merits of the black and white camel to be
settled by posterity.

"Well," said Mustapha, gravely, as the
wrecks of those unfortunates disappeared, "I
hope the rest of our disputants will be taught
by their example?"

"When," said the scribe, "were fools ever
taught by example?"

He was in the right. The controversy
spread through the ship, until the pilgrims
would neither eat nor drink with each other.—
Fortunate for them if they had been deaf; still
more fortunate for them if they had been dumb.
Every man had a different opinion, and every
man disputed its honor as if it were necessary
to his existence. The colour of the camel
branched into a hundred controversies, and
each made at least a pair of orators ready to
strangle each other.

Mustapha, irritated and impatient, at last
proposed to the scribe that they both should go
among them; and, explaining the absurdity of
their quarreling on points for which no human
being could be the better or the worse, recom-
mended them to pass, at least, the remainder of
the voyage in peace.

"Are we strong enough," said the Scribe,
simply, "to throw one half of them overboard
every day, until but you and I are left?"

"No," replied the Bey; "but they must be
tired of fighting by this time."

"Nonsense is indefatigable," observed his
companion.

"But," said the Bey, "I shall rebut their
nonsense, satisfy their reason, and compel the
tools to see that nothing but mutual concession
can ever produce either general comfort or gen-
eral safety."

"Try," briefly said the Scribe.

Next morning, when the war of words was
at its height, the deck was covered with knots
of enthusiasts, all descending on their own wis-
dom and the folly of the whole human race be-
sides—Mustapha came forward with his propo-
sition for laying aside all quarrels on creeds
during the voyage. His figure, lofty and com-
manding, his fine countenance, and even his
embroidered robes, and jeweled weapons, had
a powerful effect on the bystanders; the pil-
grims paused in their disputes, and all forming
a circle round the glittering preacher of peace,
declared their readiness to adopt any plan

which he thought fit to offer. Mustapha, elat-
ed at the prospect of success, spoke long and
eloquently; the man of genius broke out thro'
the habits of the Osmanli, and all his audience
were enraptured. Shouts of approval soon be-
gan to follow every sentence: he spoke of the
original fraternity of mankind, and was applau-
ded, of the dignity of truth, the supremacy of
conscience, and the purity of reason—and was
applauded still more: he then powerfully de-
scribed them as combined in the act of ex-
hibiting to others the same freedom which we
claim ourselves; and in remembering, among
all differences of opinion, that the man who
possesses a spirit of good will for his fellow
men, holds the master key of all virtues.

An uproar of admiration followed the speech;
and the whole cried out that neither Stamboul
nor Smyrna could produce his equal.

He next proposed that every man should
come forward, and pledge himself to general
harmony. A tall Turk instantly advanced,—
"Illustrious Sonnite," he began his declara-

"Illustrious Sonnite!" exclaimed a dwarfish,
but richly clothed Persian; "why, son of a
blind father and a deaf mother, who told you
that he was a Sonnite? All the genius and
virtue of mankind are with the children of Ali."

A blow with the slipper of a disciple of O-
mar told the Persian that his opinion might
not be universal.

Mustapha saw his project broken up at once,
and came forward to restore peace. But the
tide had turned; and he himself was assailed
by inquiries into his faith.

"Do you believe in the holy waters of the
Zemzem?" cried one.

"If you do not worship the foot of Fo," he
cried another, "we only insult our ears in lis-
tening to you."

"Do you twist three hairs of the holy cow's
tail of the Hedjaz, round your turban?" screa-
med another.

"Do you believe in Booth?" was the outcry
of a fourth. The clamour grew horrible.

"By the print of Adam's slipper!" yelled a
gigantic Ceylonese, "the fellow is nothing bet-
ter than a spy; and he deserves to be impaled
on the spot."

"By the knees of my fathers, he is a heretic,"
howled a ferocious Malay; "I would rather
drink his blood than a bowl of arrack!"

All now became clamour and confusion:—
daggers, knives, scimitars, ataghans, flashed
round the throat of the unlucky Mustapha.—
But he was bold, was master of his weapon,
and the sight of the naked poniard in one hand,
and his scimitar wheeling round his head in
the other, partially repelled the furious crowd.

"Hear me, madmen," he exclaimed. "Can
I believe all your creeds together?"

"You believe none!" was the roar: and
they pressed closer on him.

"I believe all that reason tells me to believe,"
was his daring reply; "but this too I believe,
that all opinions have something in them right."
—The sentiment was partially applauded.—
"And also," added he, "something in them
wrong."

This was oil on flame; the whole crowd
burst into rage; they rushed upon him in a
body; he struggled desperately, but a blow
from behind struck the scimitar from his hand.

He glanced round, and saw the Malay at his
back, with his knees uplifted to strike a mortal
blow. In the next instant he saw the counte-
nance of the savage convulsed, heard him
shriek, and felt him falling at his feet. In the
place of the Malay stood the young Scribe, with
the dagger in his hand, which he had snatched
from the ruffian in the moment of fate; and
died in his heart's blood. Mustapha cast a
look of thanks at his preserver; and side by
side they retreated to the poop, where the pil-
grims dared not approach them. But the fire-
arms in the cabin were soon in the hands of the
assailants, and certain death seemed to await
him and his young companion. In this emer-
gency, Mustapha prepared to die; but the
Scribe, repeating the famous lines of Amrou,
at the battle of Ternara—

"The eagle takes an eagle's flight,
The hero must not die in night."

Sprung on deck before him, and making a sign
of parley, proposed at once that they should
leave the ship to the pilgrims, and be set on the
first shore they saw. Mustapha's blood boiled
at the idea of compromise. But his preserver
was already in the midst of the infuriated
crowd, and he felt that hesitation might cost
that preserver his life. He complied with bit-
terness of soul. The boat was hoisted out,
and the two exiles were rowed in the direction
of the coast. They soon saw the hills above
Beyroun, and trod the famous soil of Palestine.

"And this comes of preaching peace to pil-
grims," said Mustapha, indignantly, as he looked
on the parched and ruined face of the country
round him. "This is my last experiment:—
may the Arabs pluck out their beards! But
we run the greatest possible chance of being
starved."

"My lord, may you be happy," said the
Scribe, "but if we had remained on board, we
should only have added to the possibility of be-
ing starved the probability of being drowned, or
something not very far from the certainty of
being shot."

"But to be thrown into this place of desola-
tion for the mere attempt to prevent a parcel of
hot-headed bigots from cutting each other's
heads off!" angrily murmured the Bey.

"The man who attempts to drive back the
ocean when it rises before the gale will find
that his labor is wasted, even if he escape be-
ing sent to the bottom. He should take it in
the calm."

"But that such follies and furies should have
their origin in religion," retorted the Bey.
"Look on that Heaven," said the young
Scribe.

And well they might look on that Heaven
with delight and wonder. Ten thousand stars
blazed above their heads, with a pure intensity
of light, and essential glory, to which Mustapha
had never seen the equal even in the serene
skies of Asia Minor.

The sky was showered
with stars, a shower of diamonds. A few faint
clouds, slightly tinged with the last hues of eve-
ning, lingered on the western horizon, like the
last incense from some mighty altar. The air
was still, and breathing the odour of the sheets
of wild jessamines and myrtle which clothed
the sides of the mountains; all was richness,
solemn splendour, and sacred repose. The vi-
vid eye of the Bey, made to rejoice in all that
filled the imagination, roved over the boundless
field of the stars of heaven with a delight which
kept him silent.

"From that sky," said the youth, "which
looks one vast palace of holy tranquility, from
this fragrant air, which breathes like an offering
of all the treasures of nature to the Sovereign
of Nature, descend the thunder and the tempest
—the bolt that strikes the mountain pinnacles
into dust, and the hurricane that swells the sea
into destruction. And shall we wonder that
religion, bright, holy, and boundless as those
skies, should have power from time to time, to
fill the earth with terror, to dazzle the weak, to
overwhelm the bewildered, to give an irresisti-
ble impulse to all that is bold, imaginative, un-
tameable and soaring in the heart of man?"

"But what has the dagger or the pistol to
do with this impulse? yet those sticklers for
their contradictory follies would have flung me
to the sharks which carried off the doctors of
the black and white camels."

"The young scribe smiled, and simply said,
"My lord, while nine-tenths of mankind are fools,
why where we to expect that our pilgrim ship
contained none but sages. While all mankind
are creatures of the passions, why were we to
suppose that a crew of enthusiasts alone were
incapable of being frenzied by scorn. But let us
not lay the blame on religion. To produce
great effects, we must find great powers.—
Where universal man is to be stirred, the evil
will be stirred with the good. But if the Nile,
when it pours down its flood of fertility on the
burning soil of the Delta, brings weeds into life
with the harvest, is the fault in the Nile? Or
when the mighty orb that has but just finished
his course of glory in yonder waves, rises to
circle the world with light and life, are we to
extinguish his beams, through fear of the in-
sects which he quickens in the marsh and the
wilderness?"

The young speaker of these words had been
roused by the subject into unusual fervour.—
His pale countenance had suddenly lighted up,
and as he gazed on the firmament unconscious
of all things but the glory which had awoke his
feelings, the Bey found it impossible to with-
draw his eyes from its animated beauty. The
features flushed with new intelligence. The
glance, always powerful, seemed to catch new
brilliance from the splendours above. Even
the voice seemed to be changed. Always sweet
it was lofty and solemn, yet it touched the spirit
of the hearer more than in his softest moments.
It was once music to his ear; it was now con-
viction to his soul. The haughty warrior, the
proud philosopher, the conscious superior of
every mind that he had till now encountered,
all gave way; and, flinging himself on the neck
of his friend, Mustapha pledged himself by ev-
ery light blazing in that sky of serenity never to
part from his young sage, his counsellor, the ta-
mer of his follies, and the guide of his existence.

The Scribe suddenly disengaged himself from
this impetuous instance of friendship, and with
one struggling hand still held the grasp of Mus-
tapha, and the other pressed closely to his fore-
head, turned away in silence.

"Hear me now," said the impatient Bey
"once for all; I abandon all eagerness to inter-
fere in other men's concerns. This voyage,
this hour have given me wisdom worth a life.
And if ever Mustapha Ben Mustapha troubles
his brain about making tools wiser than nature
intended them to be; about giving experience
to slaves incapable of thought; or teaching tol-
eration to traders in bigotry; may he go the
way of the doctors; or worse, may he be part-
ed from his first and last of friends, even from
his young philosopher."

The young philosopher answered this burst
of sentiment only with one of his quiet smiles,
and drawing his turban still deeper on his brows
and wrapping his mantle closer round him, re-
marked that the night was at hand, and that
some village should be sought for, where they
might find shelter and entertainment.

Mustapha in the ardour of the moment, would
have dispensed the aid of men, and remained gaz-
ing on the stars and listening to the wisdom of

his companion. But a gust from the sea, fol-
lowed by the rising roar of thunder among the
hills, awoke him to the realities of the wilder-
ness; and anxious for the safety of so fragile a
frame as that of his fellow traveler, he followed
the sounds of the baying of dogs, and an occa-
sional blast of a horn which sounded on the
night air, until he found himself suddenly call-
ed on to stop. He was in the front of a troop
of Arab horsemen.

"Fly, or surrender at once," whispered the
Scribe. "The panther is lord in the desert."
"The lion never flies," was the bold excla-
mation of the Bey, as he drew his scimitar.

The Arabs seeing the flash, returned it by a
general fire of their muskets, and rushing on in
the smoke, to their astonishment, they found
that instead of a troop of some hostile tribe, they
had but a single enemy, the handsomest of Mos-
lems, who still defied them. They burst out
into laughter at his presumption, and at the same
moment a dozen fellows leaped from their hor-
ses and threw themselves upon him. He strug-
gled desperately, but a feeble voice reached his
ear, which totally unmanned him. By the gleam
of a torch he saw his friend in the hands of the
of the Arabs, who were carrying him away, and
to his still deeper terror, he saw a long line of
blood, trickling from beneath his turban. He
felt himself instantly powerless, and flinging a-
way his weapon, yielded at once. The captives
were carried in triumph to the camp; where
Mustapha's jewels were infinitely admired, and
plundered to the last stone. But his true sor-
row was for the sufferings of his wounded friend
the Bey was inconsolable for the misfortune,
which he attributed entirely to his own rash-
ness.

"Well was it said by Hafiz," he exclaimed
in bitterness, "that he who takes the wolf by the
throat, should first see that his tusks are pluck-
ed out."

The young Scribe pointed with his slight fin-
ger upward, and said with a faint smile. "The
skies are as bright above this tent, as they were
on the sea-shore. The sun will rise to-morrow
as he rose yesterday. We are in hands stronger
than the hands of the Arab. The first refuge
of the fearful, but the last refuge of the
brave, is despair."

The tribe moved to another pasturage, and
they carried their prisoners along with them.—
To Mustapha, the Karamanian lord, this life of
hardship would once have been intolerable.—
Where were his slaves, his banquets, his mis-
trells, his baths, his perfumes? He saw around
him nothing but the horse-hair curtains of his
tent, and beyond them the sands of the wilder-
ness. His food was herbs; his perfumes were
the wild breath of the desert shrubs, his com-
panions were the Bedouens. Yet, what is man
but the child of circumstance? He had abjured
all his luxuries, for he had found them in-
sufficient to fill up the aching of his mind. He
now had health, exercise, and an object. The
bravery of his defence had extorted the applause
of the Arabs; his noble figure, commanding
countenance, and matchless dexterity in arms,
had soon equally forced their admiration. They
gave him a new name in their expeditions; he
was the "Leopard," and their sheik finally
crowned the homage of the tribe by the offer of
his only child, the gazelle-eyed Ayesha; with a
thousand sheep and a hundred camels as a dower.
The prospect was enough to turn the brain
of any young hero of the desert. The husband
of the fair Ayesha must succeed to the head-
ship of the tribe,—two thousand horsemen of the
Beni Kahlani, masters of the finest pastures, re-
nowned for the fleetest horses, and still more
renowned for having baffled the pashas of Sy-
ria, in every encounter for the last hundred
years. The Bey went to the tent of his young
counsellor, who was now rapidly recovering
from the effects of the Arab musket. He com-
municated the generous proposal.

"It offers all that a warrior can desire," was
the reply.

"But I have forsworn the warrior," was the
answer.

"It offers much that the man of ambition
might covet," said the Scribe.

"But I have abandoned all that bears the
name of ambition," said the Bey.

"But it offers something to the eye," said
the Scribe; "for the daughter of the sheik is
among the handsomest of the Bedouens. But
the true question is, what it offers to the heart?"

The speaker pronounced the words in a low
tone, and remained evidently waiting an an-
swer.

"I have tenfold forsworn that folly," said Mus-
tapha, impatiently; "the heart is not concern-
ed in the marriages of the Moslem." There
was silence for a time. At length the Bey ad-
ded—"but, my friend, the judge who is to de-
cide on my case should know all. I never saw
the face of women, that I thought of a second
moment,—but one."

"The name of that one?" asked the Scribe,
with a tone which seemed to borrow some of its
impetuosity from the Bey.

"I know not," was the answer.

The listener had taken a cup of sherbert
from the attendant, and was tasting it with his
parched lips, when the inquiries of Mustapha
arrested his hand.

"Is she yet among the living?" asked he.

[See fourth Page.]

The Next Presidency.—The editor of the Nashville Republican, in his zeal to see Judge White, having ventured to intimate that the President would prefer him as a successor to any other individual, and the same coming to the knowledge of the President, he promptly addressed the following letter to one of his friends and neighbors in Tennessee. The letter speaks for itself, and shows that at all times, and under all circumstances, the President is anxious to secure to the people that power of choosing their servants without officious interference from any source, which is justly their due. The federalists are endeavoring, by misrepresentation, to turn this letter to their political advantage—but they gnaw a file.—*Boston States.*

Washington, Feb. 23, 1835.
My Rev. Sir.—I observe in the Nashville Republican of the 10th inst. an article headed "General Jackson's Preferences," which I think it my duty to notice.

All my friends know, that since I have been in the Executive Chair, I have carefully abstained from an interference with the elective franchise, and have invariably acted on the principle, that to the People belonged the exercise of this sacred right—uninfluenced by any considerations but those which related to the public good. And yet the editor of this paper, professing to entertain great respect for my character, undertakes to connect me personally with an attempt to divide the great body of Republicans in the choice they are to make of a President; and by way of giving effect to his insinuation, appeals, in the language of my bitter enemies, *here and elsewhere* to the independence of the people as a shield against "dictation," which he supposes may be attempted.

Every one must see that the professions of the editor in this article are made to take the form of friendship, in order that he may more successfully carry out his purpose of opposing the great Republican principles which I have endeavored to advance as President of the U. States; and one which, not to say the most important, is the necessity of looking above persons in any exigency which threatens the ascendancy of those principles. All my friends must perceive, that to be consistent, my preference, as far as men are concerned, ought to be for him that is most likely to be the choice of the great body of Republicans; and yet, if this individual should not be Judge White, the editor of the Republican is ready to cry out "dictation."

Under such circumstances, seeing also that there are various misrepresentations of my views on this subject, I commit this letter to your discretion, in order that you may do me justice.

You are at liberty to say, on all occasions, that, regarding the People as the true source of political power, I am always ready to bow to their will and to their judgment; that, discarding all personal preferences, I consider [it] the true policy of the friends of Republican principles, to send delegates fresh from the People, to a General Convention, for the purpose of selecting candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency; and that to impeach that selection before it is made, or to resist it when it is fairly made, as an encroachment of Executive power, is to assail the virtue of the People, and, in effect, to oppose their right to govern.

I send the paper containing the article I refer to, and request that you show this letter to the editor, in order that he may no longer misrepresent me. Acknowledge the receipt of this letter.

I am, in haste, your friend,
ANDREW JACKSON.
The Rev. James Gwin, Nashville, Tenn."

From the Eastern Argus.
MORE PANIC.

Can any man doubt that another Panic is in embryo? The train is already laid—the unprecedented extension of loans, at the rate of 3,000,000 per month, must be followed by a contraction, far surpassing in the rapidity and severity of its operation any of its predecessors since the Bank's existence. At the very goal of its race—just as the curtain is about to fall—and the flitting flame to expire, it flashes up with a new light and a new vigor, in the midst of its dissolution, than in the unimpeded stretch of its manhood. The curtain when it comes, it is well to find the people prepared for its reception. They have but just emerged from one of the most cold-blooded—infamous schemes, ever intended to repress freedom of opinion and by reducing men from competence to poverty, to drive them to the support of the Bank's candidates for public offices. This scheme is to be revived. The screws are to be turned again. The federal candidates are to strive once more for power, through the calamities and sufferings of their fellow citizens. Once again take its place, as a legitimate means of success among the plans of the Federal party. The Bank will have its candidate for the Presidency—those who will not bend to its support, must break. They will seek in time to come, as in times past—to conceal the hand that deals the blow.

The official subordinates of Mr. B. have not been passing the winter at Washington to no purpose. The cashier and assistant-cashier of the mother Bank are able to discharge the double office of money-changers and politicians. They convey the mandates of King Nicholas to his loyal subjects on the floor of Congress, or they experiment the machinery by which the People are to be made slaves.

Under the penalties of ruin to the little property they have garnered up as the fruits of honest industry and toil, the People are to be required to violate their conscience and principles, and to support the measures and men they abhor, politically. The party lines stand clearly defined. Although the Bank has been discovered for political effect, and the Bank question kept cautiously out of sight until the scheme was matured, and the train laid, the mist is now clearing away, and the whole scheme is becoming unveiled. The People will see again the Federal party and the U. S. Bank fighting shoulder to shoulder, for the election of the Bank and Federal candidates, and for a renewal of the growing monopoly. This political Briar will be in the field again. The Marble Palace will be the head Bureau of this Bank of corruption, and every brain it will open a new account of political reality and lucklessness! Men will be appraised like cattle in the market, and if they are no longer to be used for a pack, of a liberal purchaser with money in hand. When horses shall be rejected, the services will be for sale. The wretched sufferer will find poverty staring him in the face, and the only avenue of escape, they will point out, will be, to rush into the extended arms of the money monster!

Can any man doubt that the Bank is preparing for another race? If not, why extend its business at the rate of three millions per month, and within a year of the close of its existence?

The following from the Boston Morning Post is worthy of attention.

Another Panic in Embryo. The following paragraph appeared in the Mercantile Journal a short time since:—

"Public Meetings should be held in every city in the Union, denouncing the course pursued by the popular branch of the National Legislature."

were the main springs of the machinery by which the money "panic" of 1833-4 was brought into action, and if the above paragraph is an index of the course of conduct prescribed by the leading Whigs, a second storm for a demonstration in favor of the King of the Marble Palace, is about to be made. The ridiculous situation in which the Whigs are placed, the panic meetings at them close at the end of the campaign, seems to be forgotten; or else there are few other ambitious spirits of the aristocracy, who are anxious to be generally if not favorably known.

The Richmond Enquirer, a print which has always been true to Democracy and the People, in treating of this subject, says—

Another storm is now lowering over the heads of the innocent—over those who labour in all the fields of honest industry, and tread the paths of virtue and honor—aye, and over the heads of the poor and the helpless—the widow and the orphan!

The Bank has again rapidly commenced puffing up a tempest, which, in a few months, must beat upon us in all the violence of the wreck of matter and the crush of little worlds—Cried and fretted by the expiring spasms and agonizing groans of death—a death, too, that will cut off the heavy supplies and "fair business facilities" of so many Congressmen, Attorneys, Priests, and Merchants—How much greater will be the approaching Panic than the late one, no human being can foretell.

On the 1st of Nov. 1834, the loans were \$45,754,201
On the 1st of March, 1835, 57,814,404
Increase in four months 12,060,203
Circulation of U. S. Bank notes on the 1st of Nov. 1834, \$16,068,731
1st of March, 1835, 19,519,777
Increase of notes, \$3,551,046
Specie on hand, 1st Oct. 1834, \$15,561,374
1st March, 18 5 16,567,993

I was of specie in 5 months, \$1,006,519
Deaths fall on the Bank next year; and next year will be the long session of Congress. If Judge White ever intimated that the President ought to have yielded to the voice of the People under the late PANIC, or that something ought to be done, we have reason for our panic-making members of Congress, and Bank men, supporting him so warily. Give us light! Let it be what is wanting!

The People ought to be aware that this Bank is not dead—but living, and increasing its power to do mischief. Another panic must come—and come it will during the next session of Congress.

WEBSTER AND WHITE.

The political principles of Judge White are precisely those of Daniel Webster, and hence it is not unreasonable to hope that the two claim, to be of the Constitution and the friends of the Union, and to be entitled to unite their efforts in the support of the same.

The above is an important avowal, and the fact that two individuals have never, till the 14th of February last, acted together on any important political question, we would respectfully ask which of the two has met with such a sudden and unlooked-for change? Their political principles were very different on the Constitution question; on the Tariff; on the U. S. Bank; on the great constitutional question of the removal of the deposits, and on the pro-slavery question, were they both moved as candidates for President?

They were both moved as candidates for President? If they are precisely alike now, what has changed? It neither, which of the two for six years past has been so entirely

regardless of his oath and reckless of principle, as to always vote opposite to the other when they thought alike? If either has changed, what new light has so recently burst upon him? Will Judge White's friends admit that he abandoned all these political principles he has so rightly supported during Gen. Jackson's administration up to the time of his nomination for President? Or will they admit that he has acted contrary to his own principles?

Will Mr. Webster's friends admit that he has been in an error for the last six years? Or that his opposition to all the prominent measures of the administration and the principles Judge White has sustained, has been entirely fictitious and against his own principles? Till they were candidates for the Presidency their political principles were the exact opposites of each other, and if they are now "precisely alike," we wish to know which has changed? If Judge White has adopted the "God-like" principles, it should be known; and let him save the benefit of it, at the north as well as south, in Massachusetts as well as in Virginia and Tennessee. If Mr. Webster has adopted the principles of the administration, which Judge White always sustained all the 14 ult. let us know it, for the same reasons.

These men are placed before the people for the Presidency, and all are called upon to unite upon one or the other of them, who are opposed to the democratic republican candidate who shall be nominated by the delegates of the party in Convention. Their political principles are declared to be "precisely alike," and we wish to know what those principles are, whether they are such as Judge White has sustained under the present administration, and Mr. Webster opposed, or such as Mr. Webster advocated and Judge White opposed? The people will be likely to ascertain, before they give either their suffrages, in preference to a man whose political principles are known, and known to be firm and consistent.

[N. H. Patriot.]

AMOS KENDALL.—The opposition press is growing in advance, at the bare idea of the appointment of Mr. Kendall to the Post Office Department. If the nomination is so affecting what will be the effect of the event? That such an event may happen, is not improbable, if there be any truth in the mournful predictions of our adversaries. It may be that Major Barry's health, aggravated by the persecutions of vindictive enemies, may render it agreeable to devote his acknowledged talents to the service of the country in a sphere less laborious and equally respectable. It may be, that he may consent, at his own good time and convenience to go on a mission to Spain. It is known that he enjoys the undiminished confidence and friendship of the President, and that he will not be removed or transferred but by his own choice. If he should retire, what is there in the duties of the Post Office Department, to which the habits and the talents of Amos Kendall are not suited and adequate? Does it require untried industry—he is known to possess it—does it require to rectify any malarrangement or reform abuses which may have sprung from defective organization of the Department, who has quicker penetration to discover, or greater firmness to apply the correctives? What more does the opposition require? They would fain paralyze his exertion by denunciations before hand, and then complain of want of success to which they themselves had contributed. But their efforts will be vain. His success in the post of 4th Auditor in overcoming the prejudices that had been excited against him, is but augury of like success in the Post Office Department, should he be appointed to its administration. Amongst the officers of the Navy, there is now an universal admission of his capacity, his promptness and inflexible impartiality. We challenge the opposition to mark our predictions and to note the result.—[Baltimore Republican.]

Mr. Kendall.—The Albany Argus, in alluding to the rumor that Mr. Kendall is to be appointed Post Master General, makes the following remarks:—

"We have no knowledge of the alleged intended change in the P. O. Department; but we may say with entire truth, that if Major Barry should at any time retire from it, we know of no man to whom its duties and responsibilities may be committed with greater propriety, and with a higher regard to the public interests, than to Mr. Kendall. He possesses certainly in an eminent degree every requisite qualification for the trust. Indeed, upon this subject, if we had not the strongest affirmative evidence, the relentless spirit in which he has been pursued by the harpies of faction and by the creatures of the Bank, would afford of itself sufficient proof of the purity of his character and the force of his talents."

The Coffin Handbill says the federalists of this State "may never look for triumph over their opponents, until they can make up their minds to deserve it." That will never be, until they change their principles and learn to tell the truth. They never need expect competence from the people, until they learn to respect their virtue and their intelligence. During the late canvass the federal leaders never addressed one single argument to the understanding of the people, but treating them as ignorant and illiterate rabble, incapable of apprehending any reasons excepting such as were addressed to their passions and their cupidity, "office holders," "taxes," and the "squandering of the people's money;" as if the people did not expect the men they had themselves placed in office would support the republican cause—

or that they did not know that the noise raised about "taxes" and "fifty thousand dollars squandered at the State Prison" was all a humbug. No, no, gentlemen; you must learn to deserve success before you expect it.—[N. H. Patriot.]

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 14, 1835.

Van Buren appears to be the great bug-bear of whiggery. He haunts all their day dreams of power, and his image comes upon them in the visions of the night. Does any one ask for the true secret of this dread? It is his popularity. They fear that he is the candidate of the people, and unless prejudice can be excited, or local partialities aroused, he will receive their support. To produce one or the other of these effects is now the great object of the opposition. They are ready to support all the measures and principles of the present administration, in the person of his successor if that successor is not Van Buren. They have recently attempted to employ the popularity of Gen. Jackson in aid of Judge White whom they are attempting to hold out as a rival to the nominated candidate of the democratic convention.

For this purpose editors professing friendship to Gen. Jackson, and to support his administration, have openly declared that his preference was for Judge White—and that he was at heart opposed to Van Buren. While they were chuckling over this invention Gen. Jackson comes out in a letter, which we publish in this day's paper, and denies his preference for any individual in opposition to the will and wishes of the people. To them he leaves the duty of selection—in their decision he thinks it the duty of all democrats to acquiesce. These are the doctrines to which all Republicans profess to adhere, and yet Gen. Jackson is denounced for expressing them. He is represented as interfering in the election, because he recommends the choice to be left to the people. The friends of Judge White thought the Presidents preference a very commendable one, and were of opinion that it ought to have great weight with the people, so long as they were permitted to represent it as given to their candidate; but no sooner does he forbid the use of his name in this way, and declare himself in favor of the man whom the people shall select, than they are filled with indignation, and cry out against the President for interfering with the election. The opposition proper and the White men all agree that a preference for the choice of the people means support of Van Buren. This is a precious confession for such deep politicians. It is a direct admission that he is the favorite of the people. Now if Judge White had been disposed to take his chance with the rest and had been nominated by a democratic convention assembled by the various States in the Union, he would then be entitled to the support of the Democratic party whether the President was friendly or opposed to him. If the President were weak enough to set his wishes in opposition to the will of the people, he would find that this was one of those things which even his popularity could not stand. If Judge White is to be held up as the rival candidate of the individual nominated by the Democratic Convention, he can never be elected or supported by the Democracy of the country. There is yet virtue enough left among the people to have some regard to principle—and we trust there is magnanimity enough to make some sacrifice of personal feeling to local principles to the will of the majority and the union of the party.

One of our contemporaries distinguished for his pretensions to decency and respectability, says that it is "rascally and knavish" to pretend that the U. S. Bank contracted its loans last winter for the purpose of distressing the people. And now when they have again extended their discounts 12 millions since last Nov., we suppose that it is all meant for the benefit of the people. We had thought that the struggles of this "monster" were nearly over, and that it would be content to die in peace since the decision of the people was so emphatically against it. Last year it contracted its loans because its charter was soon to expire, and Congress had refused to renew it, so that it became necessary to wind up its business. Some new light appears to have dawned upon it, or some new hope to have been inspired, judging from its rapid and almost unprecedented increase of loans. The sticklers for decency and respectability would call it "rascally and knavish" to suppose that this sudden expansion has any reference to the approaching Presidential election. Time however will show.

We have as yet received no late news from France. We are aware of the anxiety which must be felt by our readers on this subject and should we receive any thing new before our paper goes to press, we will endeavor to make room for it.

Port and Magazine. We continue to receive this work regularly and promptly. It is maintaining and even elevating the high character which it has heretofore acquired. It deserves a better support from the ladies in this County than we have reason to believe it receives.

We have been favored with some symptoms of spring. A few sunny days have filled our streets with mud and water, and the snow is fast disappearing under the mild influence that now prevails. The winter has been a long and severe one which makes the return of spring doubly grateful.

DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHANT.

We learn from the last Argus that the Democracy of Connecticut have obtained a most glorious triumph, and that the State now stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled from the bondage of Federalism. It is stated that the democrats have elected their candidate for Governor, a majority in both branches of the Legislature and the entire ticket of the members of Congress.

Foreign Spurious Coin. Last week, one of the New York police officers, discovered a colored boy, who had a number of Haytien dollars, apparently fresh from the mint. After some questioning, the boy said that he received them from two Haytien gentlemen, who were getting a large quantity of them coined, and that they were being made by a certain person, whose name he mentioned. The officer instantly proceeded to the man's house, who acknowledged that he had been employed to make a quantity of foreign coin, not being aware that in so doing he had acted illegally. The persons who employed him to make it, had concealed their names and residence from him, and he could give but a very slight clue to discovery of them, and learned that some of the party were in the habit of stopping at a tobacco-conist's store. He accordingly went there,

and by the exercise of a good deal of ingenuity, ascertained that one of the parties spent a part of his time at the house of a man named Benjamin. Thither officer proceeded, found Benjamin at home, and threatened to search his house. He then acknowledged that one of the parties, named Francois Callee, a Haytien was in it. The officer found Callee, and on searching his trunks discovered 800 dollar pieces, 700 half dollar pieces, and 1400 quarter dollars, of spurious Haytien money, composed of half copper and half silver. Callee, on being examined, acknowledged that in conjunction with others he had got the money coined, and also that the dies, presses, and other materials for coining it, were on board the brig Carolina, bound for St. Thomas. The officer immediately went on board her, and found them there. Callee was then committed. [Bos. Trans.]

How to make both ends meet. A lad wishing to turn sailor, lately applied to a captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope, and said, "If you want to become a good sailor, you must make three ends to that rope." "I can do it," readily replied the boy; "here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third!"—and he threw it overboard.

Why is it that Whigs alone, abuse Martin Van Buren? In private conversation, in stump oratory, and I have understood even in the Hall of Legislators, they never spare him. He is certainly one of the most gifted sons of New York. By his abilities and integrity he has been placed in the highest office in his native State, and thought worthy by the American People to fill the second office in this Government. The Whigs once endeavored to degrade him; but "Senatorial degradation was a passport to high office." If they continue to abuse him, I will venture to predict, they will make him the President.—[Correspondent of the Richmond Eng.]

SUMMER SESSIONS.

The Kennebec Journal advocates the plan of the session of the Legislature in the summer—in the months of August, September, and October. We have seen the same suggestion in other papers in different sections of our State. It has long been a topic of discussion, and almost every year calls forth new observations, as our experience enlarges. The Journal remarks:—

"The sessions would unquestionably be much shorter if they were in the summer—say August and September, or September and October. As it is now, the session commences when the days are very short and the weather cold; it is more comfortable before a blazing fire than anywhere else. The long evenings are rarely devoted to legislative business, until towards the close of the session. The session would not be so long by three or four weeks, and expenses of every kind would be less for the same length of time. Then on the other hand there might be more difficulty in keeping a quorum in their seats when the weather was pleasant. The State would save nearly or quite \$10,000 a year by the change."

We think the observations of the Journal well worth consideration.—Argus.

The Federal Gazette alludes to one of Mr. Webster's "powerful" speeches, in terms of high praise. In the course of it, Mr. W. quoting the great Roman Orator, says, "Let every man's opinion be written on his forehead." The Senate would exhibit a singular spectacle were the "Godlike" wish to be fulfilled to the letter. "U. S. Bank \$10,000," "U. S. Bank \$33,000," "U. S. Bank \$11,000," would flame out upon the foreheads of some of the Bank advocates, like the "Rum, Gin and Brandy," on the masks at Deacon Giles' distillery, in luminous characters, written by infernal hands. It all his opinions on the same subject should strive to show themselves, the frontal region of the "Godlike" cranium must present an entablature as vast as the Bank's mammoth Courier and Enquirer. We should see "Tariff," "Anti-Tariff," "Bank," "Anti-Bank," "War," "Anti-War," &c. &c., a sight wonderfully edifying to those who would know from such a forehead what his sentiments really were.—Argus.

We learn from a gentleman from Candia, that there are twenty-four cases of the Small Pox in the eastern part of that town and Raymond. But one death has occurred—another person is considered to be dangerously sick—the others are doing well. The whole are under the care of Dr. Bell, of Derry.

N. H. Statesman.

APRIL.

According to the Encyclopedia Americana, this month derived its name "either from aperire, to open, because, at this time the earth seems to be opening and preparing to enrich us with its gifts, or, according to Varro, from Aphrodite, because April is consecrated especially to this goddess. Something similar to April fool's day, about the origin of which there are different opinions, is said to exist in the East Indies, at the time of the Huli fest.—This strange custom of April fool's day prevails throughout Europe, and in those parts of America which are inhabited by the descendants of Europeans. One of the Explanations of the custom is as follows: In the middle ages, scenes from biblical history were often represented by way of diversion, without any feeling of impiety. The scene in the life of Jesus, where he is sent from Pilate to Herod, and back again from Herod to Pilate, was represented in April,

and may be sending on practised ing a man Germany, ly. The for the ex first of Ea the events of Jesus, the specta first of Ap some Ro and spre customs, b unlucky p poison or north of S signifies in One of the of Rabelais money, and some vials them as co of France, would be conveyed the discover mirth!"—[

Why should other folks have in this? They have laws of N to use the indeed pr aware of it of the vario them—they and change Their farm operate in a elements of ed, and upon unite or to They depen sistence—the plants of the the proper herb and plant insects and the habits an any other cla upon the ear adition to bea the state of it posers and cr more and be their soils— stances which own or other the face of th the atmosphere in accordance as much or tr as much or tr than any oth or implement advantage of the applicatio Is there any know as muc the science o phy? In this largely to the ernment, and of rulers and understand the tional law—pe any? They of animals un and restore be also Physiolog ment of all dis ed so wide merous the ob form, that we to be the mos can one man with every sci means—yet n mind well ston all the science when it becom ultar, and to k voted particu he is compet his duty to hi

A Dog St
that we are fri like to see ev us a story abo imals, which renders. La dog, kept in a ties, had pers him, and will the staller an an open tin p deep, though i of the edge of ced about terr Some of the fence, and fol the movement ran round the tened to the b but they were back and took the playmate, a Nono was to b ing more des

and may have given occasion to the custom of sending on fruitless errands, and other tricks practised at this season. The phrase of "sending a man from Pilate to Herod" is common in Germany, to signify sending about unnecessarily. The reason of choosing the first of April for the exhibition of this scene was, that the fast of Easter frequently falls in this month, and the events connected with this period of the life of Jesus, would naturally afford subjects for the spectacles of the season. The tricks of the first of April may, however, be the remains of some Roman custom derived from the East, and spread over Europe, like so many other customs, by these conquerors. In France, the unlucky party who may be fooled is called *un poisson* or *poisson* (mischief) *d'April*. In the north of Scotland, he is called a *gawk* which signifies in the Scottish dialect, a Cuckoo. One of the best tricks of this description is that of Rabelais, who, being at Marseilles, without money, and desirous of going to Paris, filled some vials with brick dust or ashes, labelled them as containing poison for the royal family of France, and put them where he knew they would be discovered. The bait took, and he was conveyed as a traitor to the capital, where the discovery of the jest occasioned universal mirth. [N. H. Patriot.]

Why shouldn't a farmer know a thing or two?
Why shouldn't a farmer know more than other folks? They certainly ought to, for they have in this country more to do than others. They have to make more use of the powers or laws of Nature than other folks;—they have to use the elements for tools—they are indeed practical chemists (whether they are aware of it or not) for they have to make use of the various substances which nature gives them—they have to combine, separate, modify and change both simples and compounds. Their farm is at one and the same time laboratory and a workshop, and in proportion as they operate in such a way as to afford the several elements of which the substances are composed, and upon which they are operating, to disintegrate or to combine, will be their success. They depend upon the vegetable world for subsistence—their labour is among and upon the plants of the earth—why should they not know the proper name and nature of every tree and herb and plant? They have to contend with insects and animals—why should they not know the habits and natures as well or better than any other class of people? They have to work upon the earth, they have to put it into a condition to bear a good crop, they have to change the state of it and adapt it to the various purposes and crops, and why should they not know more and better respecting the ingredients of their soils—the various mineral or fossil substances which they may find either upon their own or others' farms? They have to "discern the face of the sky," and watch the changes of the atmosphere, and regulate their movements in accordance to the changes of the weather, atmosphere, &c. Why should they not know as much or more of the composition of the air or atmosphere, and the science of meteorology than any other people? They must use tools or implements of labor. They must take the advantage of the principles of mechanics and the application of mathematics to practical life. Is there any good reason why they should not know as much or more than others, respecting the science of Mechanics or Natural Philosophy? In this country they have to contribute largely to the support and formation of the government, and upon them depends the election of rulers and lawmakers—why should they not understand the fundamental principles of National law—political science and political economy? They have to administer to the sickness of animals under their charge—beal wo mnded and restore health—why should they not understand comparative anatomy, at least, and also Physiology, and the symptoms and treatment of all diseases, as well as any others? Indeed so wide is the field of his labors, so numerous the objects with which he is connected, so various the operations which he has to perform, that we verily think the farmer ought to be the most learned man upon earth. But can one man conquer or make himself familiar with every science and every thing? By no means—yet nevertheless he should have his mind well stored with the general principles of all the sciences, that he can be guided by them when it becomes necessary to be more particular, and to know when he employs a man devoted particularly to any one branch, whether he is competent to the task, and will discharge his duty to him with fidelity and precision.

Winthrop Farmer.

A Dog Story. A gentleman who knows that we are friendly to good dogs, and do not like to see even a cur abused, stopped to tell us a story about one of these half reasoning animals, which we in our friendliness, give to our readers. Last week a large Newfoundland dog, kept in a tan yard in the Northern Liberties, had persuaded a small dog to play with him, and while they were amusing themselves, the smaller animal was accidentally rolled into an open tan pit, in which the water was quite deep, though it did not reach within eight inches of the edge of the vat. The little fellow flopped about terribly, but could not get out. Some of the workmen saw the whole occurrence, and felt disposed to watch at a distance the movements of the Newfoundland dog. He ran round the vat in great concern, then hastened to the building where the men had been, but they were not to be found. He then ran back and took another mournful look at his little playmate, and then tried again for help. None was to be had, and matters were becoming more desperate in the vat. The New-

foundland dog then selected a place at the edge of the vat, where some of the tan had been removed, and where the edge was not more than twenty inches above the water. He then stretched himself out, and thrust his fore feet down to the water, edging himself along with care, so as not to lose his balance and fall in himself. This was a matter of nice calculation, as the weight of the puppy was to be added to that of his head and shoulders. At length he appeared to have adjusted the weight to his mind. He then reached out and took the little dog with a strong grip in his fore paws, and being unable, of course, to rise up with that weight hanging over the edge of the pit, he drew himself back with great effort, and after considerable exertion, succeeded in landing the half drowned dog in safety; and great and sincere was the joy manifested by both animals at the fortunate deliverance. —United States Gazette.

SMALL BILLS. We perceive some of our Federal contemporaries do not relish the law enacted by our last Legislature, prohibiting the circulation of small bills. This is an unexpedient measure. The shippers of the moneyed world fear an encroachment on the rightful domains of their sovereign lord and master. They would be better pleased with the entire suppression of the State Banks, and receive a regency from the manufacture of a splendid central establishment, something like the present Bank of the United States. "Rags for them—hard money a hum-bug," is their cry. Well, the nice souls are difficult to please—and as the PEOPLE view the subject in a somewhat—aye, patient, and not murmur under the discipline of a just dispensation. Resignation is not a Federal virtue—but it should be cultivated nevertheless. If they fret under this disappointment, what will they do when the great Rag Manufactory itself, shall cease its operations?—Argus.

Afflicting Occurrence. The dwelling house of Mr. Hawkins, Clark, in Rostown, in this county, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 4th inst. The fire it was supposed originated from coals being placed in the Buttery, to prevent provisions from freezing. Two little girls, one eight and the other twelve years old, were consumed by the flames. When the parents discovered the house to be on fire, the mother ran into the chamber to awake her children. She roused her two little girls, directed them as she supposed to the stairs, and hastened to another chamber; but the increased smoke and the confusion of the moment it is supposed bewildered the children—they lost their lives and perished in the flames. Their bones were found together, having probably died in each others arms.

Hudson (Ohio) Observer.

EXTRA TEMPERANCE. We have joined very heartily in the Temperance reform, and go the whole for entire abstinence from ardent spirits. We reject cider, too, because it makes the head ache—strong beer, because we dislike it—and wine, because it is too expensive for editors. The reformation has advanced rapidly, and spread extensively, and will, we hope, be universal and abiding. As to the crusade against snuff and tobacco, we have written sundry pithy articles against the use of either; and have administered very excellent advice, as occasion offered; but we claim no extraordinary credit for our services in this contest, as some of our friends who are learned on the subject, have intimated an opinion that the exterminating war, which we have waged against segars, operates more favorably to the manufacturer than to the reformer. But another reform is commencing; and hot meat, and cold meat, and all kinds of meat, are to be antismitted and sent off packing after rum and tobacco. The Essex Gazette of last Saturday, (in the absence, however, of its worthy editor, who was probably enough eating roast veal or mince pie when he received his paper,) discourses thus zealously against the enormity of eating up beasts and birds and fishes. We commend the writer of the paragraph to the special patronage of Doct. Graham, and his lecture upon carnivorality to the serious consideration of those whose pork canals, like some we are wot of, are apt, about this season of the year, to grow light and hollow.

"In hot countries they loathe the sight of meat. During our own dog days, it requires a good appetite to eat it. The sooner we cease to be beast eaters the better. Let every one who wishes in earnest to promote healthy, economy, virtue and peace, totally abstain from meat. There is no middle course. No man deserves any credit as a temperance man, who sacrifices beasts, birds and fish to gratify his thirst of blood. Let the past be forgiven, we sinned without knowledge, but when all facts brought before the public, there will be no excuse for carnivorality."—Exeter News Letter.

Religious Denominations. From a Statistical table then before it, the Salem Gazette remarks, that the denomination of Catholics in the United States is about 500,000, or about one twenty-eighth part of our population. The Calvinistic Baptists are numbered at 2,743,455 nearly one sixth part of our population, on the supposition that the United States embrace fourteen millions within their borders. The Methodist Episcopal Church is set down at 2,600,000, more than one seventh part of our population. The Presbyterian General Assembly is estimated at 1,800,000, or one eighth of our population. The Congregational Orthodox are reckoned at 1,260,000, one twelfth part. The Protestant Episcopal is rated at 600,000, and the Universalists number 500,000, about the same as the Catholics.

We understand John Anderson, Esq. of this city, and Peter H. Green Esq. of Bath, have been appointed by the Governor and Council, to visit Quebec and consult with the authorities and inhabitants, respecting the construction and location of the contemplated rail-road, between that place and the sea board. —Jeffersonian.

We again welcome to our desk the *Portland Magazine*. In addition to the good qualities heretofore named, which this book possesses, we must add that of punctuality—an acquirement of no little importance. The number before us—the April number—is well filled. Its contents are as follows. The Confession, Life, Old and Young, To a departed Spirit, Moonshine, My Aged Cat Children. —What are They? The Beraved Minstrel, Hannah Moore, The Grave Yard, Swear not at All, The Princess, of Bequigne, Recollections of a Housekeeper, &c. —Jeffersonian.

The Selectmen of Worcester, in compliance with the vote of the town, have refused licenses to tavern keepers for the retail of spirits, and in consequence the keepers of all the public houses, except Mr. Porter, of the Temperance House, have refused to accept licenses for the retail of wines, &c. taken down their signs, and locked up their houses. —Transcript.

Burden's Patent Horse Shoes. We became accidentally in possession of a horse shoe manufactured at Troy Iron and Nail Factory, by a machine lately invented by Mr. Burden, which, in addition to the rich reward the inventor cannot fail to realize, is conferring a lasting benefit on the country. These shoes will be put up in casks of an assorted size, (similar to nails) and sold at a price but little above that of horse shoe iron in bar—thus saving the laborious process of pounding them out with the hammer, as has been done from time immemorial. —N. Y. Star.

Old Age and Voracity. The Worcester Spy contains an obituary notice of a Miss Elizabeth Pool, who recently died, in Fitchburg, aged nearly a hundred years. Her mother lived to be upwards of ninety; and two sisters, still living, are but a few years younger than the deceased. The most remarkable circumstance relating to this individual was her astonishing voracity. It has been for years her invariable habit to eat a hearty meal during the night, in addition to an uncommon quantity of food consumed during the day. With this habit she could not dispense. Though fortified with a supper of no ordinary dimensions, she was invariably aroused from her slumbers by the pangs of hunger, which could be appeased only by an inordinate quantity of food of the in-st solid description. Her remaining sisters are afflicted with the same appetite.

Here is a practical contradiction to Parson Graham, and all those preachers of abstinence and starvation, who say that life is only to be prolonged, to any great age, by adhering to their system. —[N. Y. Trans.]

Dinner to Mr. Kavanagh. A Public Dinner was given on Thursday last, by the citizens of Damariscotta Mills and vicinity, to Hon. Edward Kavanagh. —Argus.

A Husband Wanted. There is said to be now living at St. Mary's, in one of the lower counties of Maryland, a lady at the age of 105 years, of whom the following account is given:—"Her mental faculties are unimpaired—she is in excellent health and spirits—rides on horseback as dexterously as a trooper—laces in her corsets—attends the toilet punctually, and what is yet more surprising, she is now as willing to be married as she was 90 years ago." There's a sweetheart for you. —Centinel.

Scene in a School Room. 'Jem,' said the master, 'you were not in school yesterday.' 'No, sir, here's a 'scuse mother sent ye.' At the same time holding out a slip of paper on which were written the following seemingly Egyptian hieroglyphics:—
'cept atom to giv a taturin.'
'Well, Jem,' said the master, after examining it for some time, 'what did you do yesterday?'
'Dug taters!'
'Oh, yes!'—'Kept at home to go potatoing.' —[Worcester Pall.]

Original Anecdote.—You are an excellent packer,' said a mason to a farmer. 'Why so?' 'You have contrived to pack three bushels of rye into a two bushel bag.' —[Dem. Herald.]

HINTING.

A boy who had been serving an apprenticeship for some time in a neighboring town, returned very unexpectedly to his father's house as the family were sitting down to supper. 'John,' said the old gentleman, 'I thought you was very well suited with your place, and I wish to know the reason why you have left it so suddenly?' 'Why, father,' replied the boy, 'I liked the place pretty well, considering; but I wasn't going to stay there and have Mr. — hinting at me so every day.' 'Hinting at you?' said the father, 'what did he say to you?' 'He said—'he said—why, father, he kept hinting at me.' 'John,' said his father, looking him sternly in the face, 'tell me instantly what he said to you.' 'Why, he said,' replied the boy, 'that I had told lies about his family, and stolen money out of his desk, and if I didn't get out of his house he would kick me out; and so I have concluded not to stay with him any longer.'

SPRING.—March, with her variations, is at our door. A cloud—a dash of rain—a blow of wind and then sunshine, all come and go in the course of the morning. The entertainment concludes with, perhaps, snow in the afternoon, and a pelting hail at night. As the month glides over, you perceive exactly where winter and spring are dovetailed together, and easily trace the irregular line between the two frames, now the tenon of winter setting into the mortice of spring, and now otherwise. The variations of the month, somewhat resemble those of life—especially the life of a bachelor—for the nights are uniformly cold and cheerless. —Trenton Emp.

"I curse the hour that we were married," exclaimed an enraged husband to his better half, to which she mildly replied, "Don't say dear, for that was the only happy one we have ever seen."

Anecdote of Waltzing.—At a ball lately in Richmond, Va., a belle asked a country rustic, who stood high her, in a compact ring of four or five deep, gazing on a pair waltzing. "Pray Sir, how do you like the waltz?" "Madam," (said the quaint gentleman,) "I like the hugging part very well; but I don't like the whirling round. When it comes to the hugging, I would like to stand still!"

MARRIED.

In Greenwood, on the 6th inst., by William Noyes, Esq. Mr. Daniel Morgan to Miss Eliza Morgan, both of Greenwood.
In Portland, by Rev. E. Wiley, Mr. Antonio Calab, to Miss Mary Hodgkins.
In Bangor, Messrs L. Appleton, Esq. to Miss Jane, daughter of Hon. T. A. Hill.
In Canton, Mr. Isaac Noyes, of Minot, to Miss Hannah Gibbs, of Canton.

DIED.

In Portland, on Monday last, Mr. James Head, merchant, aged 42 years.
In Augusta, Mr. Daniel Piper.

English School.

J. W. HOBBS informs the public, that he will open a School, in Norway-Village, on the 20th inst. for the instruction of Young Masters and Misses in the various branches of English Literature. In addition to these branches usually taught in common schools, he will give instruction in NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, ASTRONOMY, ARITHMETIC, CHEMISTRY, &c. &c.
Terms, 25c. a week.
Norway, April 6, 1835.

NOTICE

I hereby give to all persons indebted to Doct. Groves of Bethel, upon Book-Account, that his Books are left with the subscriber for adjustment. Immediate payment, or some other arrangement is requested, and will prevent cost.
Bethel, March 11, 1835. WILLIAM FRYE.

SCHOOL.

MISS E. HAMLIN would give notice that she will resume her SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES on Monday the 20th of April next, at Mrs. HAMLIN'S.
Terms—From \$2.00 to \$5.00 per quarter.
Paris, March 25, 1835.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Carthage.
I hereby notified to the proprietors of the lands hereafter mentioned in the town of Carthage, that the same are taxed in bills committed for collection to the undersigned Collector of said Carthage for the year 1834 in the respective sums following, viz:

Names of Owners	No. of Lots	to Range.	Value.	Highway Tax.	Deficient Tax.
Wm. Bowley, 1-2 of John S. Bur.	2	8	\$1 1.62		
Nath. M. Smith,	10	4	120 2.40		
North half unknown,	1	8	55 1.70		
Unknown,	2	5	40 .80		
do.	2	15	70 1.40		
do.	2	11	50 1.00		
do. part of	3	11	70 1.40		
do.	7	11	40 .80		
do.	7	14	100 2.00		
do.	9	5	60 1.20	2.40	
do.	7	1	45 .90		
School House Tax,	2	19	1.15		
do.	2	15	1.01		

The said Collector will proceed to sell according to law, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at the Store of Gideon Powers, Jr. in said Carthage, at ten of the clock A. M. on Monday the tenth day of September next, so much of said lands as shall be sufficient to discharge and taxes and the necessary intervening charges; if no persons shall appear on or before that day to discharge said taxes and charges.
Done at said Carthage the 7th day of April, 1835.
J. ANTHONY MORSE, Collector of Carthage.

New Establishment!

GEORGE H. KENDALL—Portland.
Has taken the Store No. 26, Middle Street, next to the Shaw, Ropes & Co. and nearly opposite the corner of Free Street, where he offers a new and extensive assortment of Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS, at Wholesale and Retail.
March 7, 1835. 2mis31

JOEL C. VIRGIN,
PRACITIONER AT LAW,
Bethel, Maine.
Reference, to PETER C. VIRGIN, Rumford.
STEPHEN CHASE, Fryeburg.
NICHOLAS EMERY, Portland.

LETTERS Remaining in the Post Office at Paris, Me. April 1, 1835.

GIDEON BOLSTER—Wm. H. Briggs—Seneca Brett—Samuel Dearing—William H. Dearing—Moses Gage—R. K. Goodnow—Lazarus Hathaway—Thomas Hill—Austin Holmes—Mary Holt—Elijah Jordan—George King—Asaph Kimbidge—Rev. Henry W. Lunt—James Longley—Joseph McMillan—Ephraim Maxim—James Perry—2. Ezekiah Parsons—Francis Shephard—Clarendon Walker.
JOSEPH G. COLE, P. M.

Revolutionary Soldiers.

THE subscriber will act as Agent for those persons or their widows, in the Massachusetts line, who served three years or during the war, and who served three years, claiming the benefit of the "Anno 1780" act, which entitles them to two hundred acres of Land each—in preparing their declarations as evidence, and procuring their deeds and certificates from the Land Agent.
Paris, March 31, 1835. 2mis31

GEORGE H. KENDALL
No. 26, Middle Street, Portland,
OPPOSITE THE FOOT OF FREE STREET.

Is now opening 40 packages of English, French, and American DRY GOODS; among which are Broad-clothes, Cassimeres, Sattinets, Vestings, Linens, Diapers and Long Lawns, Book and Swiss Muslins, Seersucker, corded, figured and checked Cambrics, plain white &c. Dimities, 4, 5 and 6-4 Nett Laces, Insertions, Edgings, Quillings, Bombazines, Italian Gravats, Silk Hany do. Choppes, Bandannas, Spitalfield and Pongee Hanks, Ladies fancy do. Damask Napkins, 6, 7, 8-4 Damask Cloths, 5, 6, 7, 8-4 Plain Cloths, 6, 7, 8-4 figured do. Double Damasks, Russia Diapers, Crash, Flannels, Cambrics, Spoil Cottons, Bonnet Cambrics, col'd do. Italian Swings, Cotton Fringes, Merino and Thibet Shawls, Silk and Sewing Silk do. Tickings, Drillings, Ginghams, Checks, bleached and brown Sheetings and Shirtings, rich London twill'd, Merino twill'd light London, Velvet (a new style), Shalloy and American Prints, Indigo Blue, and Mourning do. white, black & colored Cotton and Linen Thread, Buttons, Pins, Tapes, Braids, Padding, Canvass, Dowls, Silesias, brown and black Linen, Moreans.

BLANKS.
Gro de Swiss, Ponz de Soix, twill'd Satin Levantines, black, blue black and colored.
GRU DE NAPES.
Synchaws, Saranets, colored Florences, White Satins, and a great variety of figured Silks.
RIBBONS.
Satin, Lustrings, Gauze, Cap and Bonnet Ribbons, of a rich and new style. All of which will be sold cheap for cash or approved credit.
March 9, 1835. 2mis31

Sale at Auction.

To be sold at Public Auction, at the house of HAN-NIBAL SMITH, in Paris, on Saturday the 15th day of April inst., at nine o'clock A. M.
1 Horse, 1 yoke of two year old steers,
3 cows, 2 yearling heifers,
3 cows, 25 sheep, 4 swine,
1 ton of good hay,
10 bushels of good seed wheat,
150 do. potatoes, 1 saddle & bridle, 1 rifle,
Also farming tools, such as ploughs, harrow, cart, chains, sleds, shovels, hoes, rakes, pitchforks, axes, &c. Also, various articles of household stuff.
To be sold to the highest bidder on one year's credit, with undoubted security, if not previously disposed of at private sale.

NOTICE

To Rheumatic Invalids
PERSONS suffering under Rheumatic Affection are respectfully assured, that they can obtain of the proprietor and his agents, a safe and admirable remedy for Rheumatism, however obdurate the disorder may be, and in all its different stages.

DR. JEBB'S

Rheumatic Liniment

will afford immediate relief to the patient, and has sometimes been attended with such extraordinary success as to cure the most distressing Rheumatism in 24 hours—even when of years standing.

This highly valuable Liniment is recommended with a confidence founded on the experience of many years, not only as a cure for that execrable disease, but as an excellent application for Stiffness of the Joints, Numbness, Sprains, Chilblains, &c.

This article is considered so superior to every thing else, and to possess such uncommon virtues, that it is ordered from distant parts of the country.

An Agent recently writes—"Please send me a further supply of Jebb's Liniment. I shall probably sell a considerable quantity, as it is recommended by some of our Physicians very highly."
Price 50 cents a bottle.

The Painful and Debilitating Complaint of The Piles

receives immediate relief—and in numerous instances has been thoroughly cured by the administration of

DUMFRIES' REMEDY FOR THE PILES.

THIS approved compound also mitigates and removes the symptoms which frequently accompany that disorder, and increase the danger of the patient, viz: Pain in the Loins—Headache—Loss of appetite—Indigestion—and other marks of debility.

A relieved Patient writes from a distance—"It is but justice to you to inform you, that I have used your 'Dumfries' Remedy for the Piles" for some time past, and have found them eminently successful."

The Remedy is quite innocent, and may be administered to all ages and both sexes. Plain and simple directions, with a description of the complaint, accompany each package, which consists of two boxes, one containing an Ointment, and the other an Electuary. Price \$1 for both articles, or 50 cents where but one is wanted.

*None genuine, unless signed on the outside printed wrapper by the sole proprietor, T. KIDDER, successor to the late Dr. Conway. For sale, with all the other "Conway Medicines," at his Counting Room, No. 99, next door to J. Kidder's Drug Store, corner of Court and Hanover Streets, near Concert Hall, Boston—and also, by his special appointment, by SMITH & BENNETT, Norway-Village, who have also for some time the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him.
Large discounts to those who buy to sell again.
[No. 3.] 25poy

JOB WORK,

Executed with neatness and despatch at this OFFICE

[Concluded from First Page.]

Still, "I know not," was the answer. "She was seen but for a moment. Yet, her beauty has haunted me to this hour. Many a long day it made me restless and wretched. I sought her, but in vain. It may have been among the causes which made me the being I am, the slave of impulses, full of the fever of the mind, always rash, always repentant; a wanderer, a visionary, a madman." He covered his forehead with his hands, and struggled evidently with strong emotion. "But," added he, "I now speak of those things for the last time. On my march to Constantinople at the head of my cavalry, as we encamped on the plain bordering the Bosphorus, our position was accidentally crossed by a train from the seraglio. My troops were wild fellows, and, unacquainted with the forms of state, they broke loose and galloped up to the procession. This produced a cry of horror from the attendants, and the startled camels ran away with their burdens. One of the little tents was overturned at my feet, and from it I raised the loveliest being that the eye of man ever gazed on. She was fainting, and for the moment I looked unrestrained on beauty worthy of Paradise. But the attendants soon came up; nothing but the threat of my horsemen prevented my instantly falling by the hands of janizaries; the tent was replaced upon the camel, and a vision departed from my eyes that to this hour has shut out every other from my heart."

Mustapha, as he uttered those words, rushed from his tent, sprang upon his steed, and galloped for leagues into the depths of the desert, to recover his tranquillity. On his return, he found the tribe preparing to march to the attack of the caravan from Tripoli. He marched with it, distinguished himself at the head of a chosen troop in a night assault, in which he took the Pasha prisoner, and returned with the greatest prize of Syrian corn that had ever graced the annals of plunder.

All the tribe landed him to the skies; the warriors were in raptures; and every woman was instantly busied at the corn mill. Mustapha went out to view them in their occupation; but his eye was instantly struck by the coarseness of the national contrivance. He found five hundred women doing with an old hand-millless work than with a little ingenuity might be done with a hundredth part of the labour and the time.

"With wind, canvass, and wood, any thing," said he, "may be done."

His invention was instantly active, and in a few days he gave a model for the construction of a mill, which worked wonders. The women were delighted to get rid of the trouble; the sheik was delighted to eat bread that was not half stone; and all were delighted at the genius which had raised in the midst of their tribe, a machine requiring nothing but a blast of wind, to make it go on grinding till doomsday. The women, determined to escape the drudgery for the future, instantly broke every hand mill they could find; and Mustapha was at the height of popularity.

The new machine became famous before the week was at an end. But fame excites envy, and envy is the worst of peace-makers. The Beni Abubecker, one of the most powerful tribes of the Hauran, had heard of this extraordinary invention, and resolved either to seize it, or to destroy a work which promised to turn the mill wheel into the philosopher's stone. They moved in a great force against the Beni Kahlani. A battle followed desperately contested, in which Mustapha again distinguished himself. But the rumor now reached as far as the coasts of the Red Sea; tribe on tribe were mustering to seize this mighty structure, which was said to be the work of magic—a secret sprung directly from the lips of the golden image of Solomon. A council of war was held in which it was resolved to fly that night from this overwhelming superiority. But, what was to be done with the great structure that towered above all their tents? To carry it away was impossible in the rapid march of the tribe; to leave it was disgrace. It was therefore to be burned. The tribe was marched at twilight, and its flames lighted them many a league over the plain. They at length halted, and the confusion was now universal. Even the old hand mills would have been better than none. The tribe rushed round Mustapha's tent, assailing him by every name of guilt, for having bewitched them, first into war with all their neighbors, and next into eating corn unground: an insult worthy of the magician's blood. The Bey was thunder-struck. He almost tore his beard in vexation.

"Yet," he exclaimed, "it is not these savages that I blame, so much as the fool who could not leave them to their own wits. By Allah, I deserve to die by the needles of the women, for the absurdity of thinking that the present generation could not manage to live eating grit in their meal as well as their forefathers did."

But his wisdom was now too late. A guard who had supped on unground corn were placed upon the tent, and he was ordered for public execution at day break.

An hour after midnight, he was awakened by the sound of a knife cutting through the back of the tent. The young Scribe had thus made his way to him.

"Have you," said he, "at last resolved to leave the world to be wise in its own good time?"

Mustapha lifted his hands and eyes to heaven.

"Have you," continued the interrogator, "resolved to try what is good in the old, before you hurry on to the new? One question more—have you resolved to give up the honors of a sheik's son-in-law, and never to wed till you see once again the vision of the Bosphorus?"

Mustapha sprang from his seat at the words. Three horses were piquetted in the rear of the tent. On one of them was already mounted the captive pasha of Sidon, who acted as their guide; and the fugitives were soon far from the camp of the Beni Kahlani. At the dawn they were galloping along the shore; a ship was off the coast; they hailed it and found themselves in the Venetian vessel which had brought the pilgrims. To Mustapha's inquiry as to his converts, the answer was, "that they had never quarrelled, from the day he had ceased the attempt to reconcile them."

The vessel dropped anchor in the Gulf of Marci, and Mustapha viewed the shore of Asia with immeasurable longings. The young Scribe divided his emotions, and said, "My lord, you must return to your country, and take the station your birth, feelings, and talents mark for your own."

"No! my inheritance is now in the hand of another," said Mustapha, bitterly; "the sword of my fathers is rusted in the sheath of their son. We must find some lonely hill or unknown hermitage, and die together."

"Never!" exclaimed the Scribe. "The daughter of the Sultan was not made to be the follower whom she could not honor as her husband."

As the words were uttered, the slight hand was raised to the forehead, and the deep turban which had so long shaded the countenance was thrown back. Mustapha started with a cry of astonishment. The vision of the Bosphorus stood before him—Shereen, the daughter of the king of kings of the east. With many a blush and many a sigh the lovely being told the tale of her overheard heart. She had never forgotten the noble aspect of the chieftain whom she had seen on the plain of Scutari. The agony of knowing that his generous spirit was exposed to the jealousies of a Turkish cabinet, still more than to the hazards of war, drove her to the wild expedient of following him to his dungeon. She had, from that hour, been his guardian angel. His lesson of life was now fully given; his impetuosity was transmuted into forethought, and his precipitate zeal to change all the world for the better, into the inquiry how to make the best of it as it is.

On this evening his eye fell accidentally on the emerald signet, which, in memory of his father, he had retained in all vicissitudes. To his utter astonishment, the cloudy surface was brilliantly clear, and the characters shone like flashes of lightning. He read on the signet the words,

"For all things there is a time. Indulgence is behind the time. Rashness is before the time. Wisdom waits the time."

Shereen was at his side while he read the mystery. As he looked up in her fine countenance illumined by the sudden splendor of the talisman, he thought he had never seen such loveliness before. The cheek suffused with rose, and the magnificent eye looked to him like the evening star shining in the sunset.

"The vision of the Bosphorus is forgotten," he exclaimed, gazing on her with the rapt glance of a worshipper.

The princess gave an involuntary start, and her lip grew pale.

"Forgotten," exclaimed the lover, "but it is in the presence of an hour!"

A tear of delight glittered in her eye, the cheek was burning crimson again; she fell on his neck, and in that sacred embrace they pledged those vows which are not to be dissolved by the power of man.

The Bey had found the true motive for action. He flew to his province: his vassals received him with universal acclamation. All opposition perished before their triumph at seeing the heroic son of their old prince among them again. But their wonder was his bride, the princess Shereen Halibi. They honored her unequalled loveliness; but they worshipped her benevolence, the loftiness of her genius, and the purity of her virtue. In the midst of the bridal, the Tartar of the court galloped up to the palace. He bore on his head the firmament of the Sublime Porte, giving the paternal benediction, and appointing the Bey to the Pacha of the great province of Kuramanin.

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"The vision of the Bosphorus is forgotten," he exclaimed, gazing on her with the rapt glance of a worshipper.

"Or as the side locks of some of our ladies that you may have noticed, when you passed through the city last spring."

"Exactly—ha! ha! ha! Your ladies!"

"But we must not forget our neighbors of Hoosherland."

"No. Well—may be you'd like to hear how I became as lean as a Jersey pig. You see, I was down in Wabash country; and the Fever and Ague caught me there; and between the two, they shuck and hurt all the flesh off my body, and tried to make leather of my skin and nigger's wool of my hair. They kept me down four weeks cool, but they found my joints too well put together to be shuck to pieces by a rifle. So I got on my feet again, and am going back to Kentucky scamp. Four weeks we had it rough and tumble, and we was putty well matched, I tell you; for one day I would be master, and the next the rascals would have me down again; but they couldn't hold me still enough for I kept rolling, and grinning, and shaking all the time. But two on one wasn't fair play; I couldn't stand it, and, stranger, may be I didn't get putty d—d sick of the scrape before we got through. I'd sooner take hold of two claps from among the knobs, any time. And they're the very devil, every body knows."

Well we had our bout—that is, I and the rascally Fever and Ague—at a worthy old Hoosher farmer's in the Wabash country.

I was kept there five weeks; and when I asked for my bill, if you'll take my word for it the kind old codger wouldn't take a shilling—I had'n't been much trouble—was welcome to what I'd had—might make the young'un a present, if I chose—never charged a stranger nuthin' for a night or two's lodging—couldn't think of turning his house into a tavern." So the old man stepped out, and I began to look about for the urelins that were not big enough to be at work. There were three fine white haired boys—Shem—Hun and Japhet—and a pale delicate little girl—Ruth; I gave Ruth my breast-pin, and Japhet my penknife, and Hun who was a school boy, my ever point pencil, and Shem, the eldest, my watch; and such a bobbing of heads, and scrapping of feet, and glistening of eyes, as there was among that little flock, I never see; when I stooped down to kiss little Ruthy, my heart I tell you, fluttered about every which way, and left entirely too big for its cage—what's o'clock, stranger, seeing I've no time teller now?

"Almost four."

"We shall get in late. Whoop, driver—hallo! Reckon your team's taking a nap?"

"Guess your tongue isn't much troubled in that way," muttered the driver. "Twas well the Kentuckian did not hear him."

And so we rolled along the jolly much pleased with the company of the city hearted Kentuckian.

The Late Judge Doody, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit, as well as for his other talents. At one place where he attended court, he was not well pleased with his entertainment at the tavern. On the first day of the court, a hog, under the name of a pig, had been cooked whole, and laid on the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day and the next and treated with the same respect; and it was on the day on which the court adjourned. As the party finished their dinner, Judge Doody rose from the table, and in a solemn manner addressed the clerk. "Mr. Clerk," said he, "dismiss that hog upon his recognizance, until the first day of the next court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

At another tavern at which the Judge boarded, there was much complaint among the lawyers and their boards, that the victuals were not prepared in a cleanly manner. Judge Doody took the landlord aside, and said he had something to communicate to him, that might be of advantage to his house. "It relates," said he, "to your table. If you would have the dirt on one plate and the victuals on another, and let your guests mix it to suit themselves, according to their different tastes, it would be a decided improvement in the entertainment."

[Augusta Chronicle.]

THE IRISH.

There is no class of our population so much abused as the Irish. If there be a row, a riot, a mob, or an assemblage, a violent resistance of the laws, no one asks who were the offenders, because no one supposes that any body or bodies of men, single or congregated, can do any mischief but Irishmen. The argument is excellent good, judicious, and discriminating. No prejudice is involved, political nor religious, puritan nor sectarian. An Irishman is an Irishman, and you cannot make more nor less of him. But we Yankees are immaculate. We never do any wrong, and we never did. We are exclusively liberal, exclusively benevolent, exclusively industrious, exclusively temperate, exclusively honest, exclusively patriotic, exclusively righteous, and exclusively the most self-sufficient people on the earth. We have a charming opinion of ourselves, and that is reason enough why we should be thought most highly of by others. But enough of sarcasm. Let us revert to our subject.

The Irish portion of our population (small as it is in Boston, and unimportant as it is in N. England, where, beyond all question, the people are the most homogeneous and least adulterated by admixture of foreigners, of any in the Union), has been much abused. They are not the idle, sloth-loving, improvident, and intemperate people, they are reputed and too generally believed to be. They are, as a class, industrious and hard-working. Let the unprejudiced look to our public improvements, the

rapidly expanding confines of our city, our new wharves, our bridges and rail-roads.—Who built them? Yankee enterprise furnished the capital, but who supplied the labor, the indispensable muscular strength? Who dug down the hills and filled up the valleys? Who deepened the docks and extended the wharves? Who have done for us what we could not do for ourselves? Who laid the foundation of Central wharf? Irishmen. Commercial street? Irishmen. The Worcester Railroad? Irishmen. The Lowell Railroad? Irishmen. Shall we ask any further questions? Answer yes, and we will extend them miles, and not an inch of the road shall be travelled over without encountering an Irishman.

How little, too, do they know of the Irish, who call them improvident. We speak of them as a class. One fact is worth a thousand theories. The amount deposited in the Savings Bank is nearly two millions of dollars. One would suppose that the largest portion of this capital belonged to the industrious penny saving Yankee. Not so. The "improvident" Irish own five eighths of it. We are not blind to the faults of the Irish—nor do we intend to laud them beyond their merits—nor at the expense of our own countrymen; but there is an unkind and unjustifiable prejudice against them, entertained by very many citizens, of which we are ashamed, and ask pardon if we have committed an offence in saying a good word for the children of the Emerald Island.—[Boston Transcript.]

The end of Great Men. Happening to cast my eye upon a printed page of miniature portraits, the personages who occupied the four most conspicuous places were Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar and Buonaparte. I had seen the same unnumbered times before, but never did the same sensation arise in my bosom as my mind hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander after having climbed the dizzy height of his ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations looked down upon a conquered world, and wept, that there was not any other for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of wretched debauchery.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the ministers of this mistress of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of the slaughtered knights, and made her very foundations quake—fled from his country, being hated by those who once united his name to that of their god, and called him Hannibal—and died at last by poison administered by his own land, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign land.

Caesar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends and in that every place, the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Buonaparte, whose mandate kings and popes obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, after having deluged it with tears and blood, and clothed the world with sack-cloth, closed his days in lonely banishment, almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus four men who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as the representatives of all those whom the world calls Great—those four who, each in turn made the earth tremble to its very centre, by their simple tread, severally died—one by intoxication, or as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends—and one in lonely exile. "How are the mighty fallen!"

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The book furnishes a concise history of the rules and regulations, the employments and ceremonies of the Ursuline order; and as it is the first account ever given in this country of a similar institution, the writer has confined herself strictly to a narration of facts that transpired under her own eye, and that were noted down soon after her escape.

It will make a volume of 200 pages, 18mo, finished and bound in the neatest manner.

Boston, March 3, 1835. 66

Morgan Ratler, FROM VERMONT.

WILL stand at S. Norris' Stable in Paris, and its vicinity, the ensuing season.

Lyndon, March 9, 1835. ASABEL NEWTON.

Farms For Sale.

On the Androscoggin River, two miles from Rumford Corner.

ONE farm of one hundred and twenty acres of Inter-valle with out-lands—or fifty acres of Inter-valle with out-lands and buildings, as may best suit the purchaser, may be had on favorable terms. Persons wishing to purchase will call on CUSHMAN & KIMBALL, Rumford Point, February 23, 1835.

THE FOLLOWING are the contents of the GENTLEMEN'S VADE MECUM, OR THE SPORTING & DRAMATIC COMPANION.

ON the third of January, 1835, was commenced in Philadelphia, a new periodical bearing the above comprehensive title. Its contents will be carefully adapted to the wants of that portion of the public who patronize Dramatic Literature, the Turf, Sporting and the Fashions. From the growing wealth and increasing population of the United States, and the vast admittance of the national appetite with whatever promotes the national Recreations of Life, it is presumed that this Journal, possessing, as the projectors of it will, ample means to diversify its pages, and a determination to render them subservient to the formation of a correct taste in all matters relating to its design, cannot fail to meet with a liberal and creditable support from the enlightened community in every quarter of the country. The difficulty of sketching out such a plan as might be so suitably selected with any of the charms of novelty to ensure popularity & encouragement, has been not the least embarrassing obstacle which the projectors of this work had to surmount in its inception. Feeling confident, however, that its success is certain when its character becomes properly known, they have already incurred considerable expense in forming correspondents over the Union; and have so ordered regular supplies of the best selected English periodicals to satisfy the pressing necessities of its columns.

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